



FLESH

No. 2 (of 3)

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FLESH CRAWLERS

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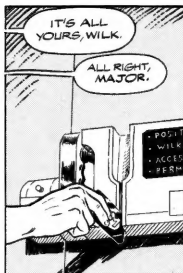
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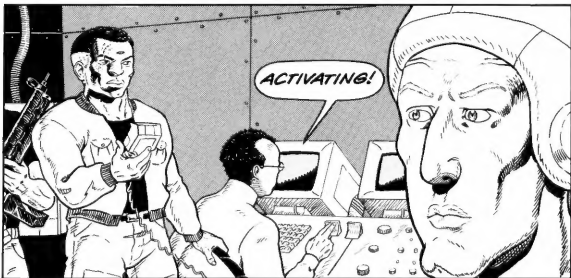
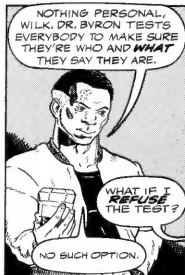
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Printed in Canada









THE LEFT SCREEN SHOWS A MAGNETICALLY IMAGED PICTURE OF A NORMAL HUMAN BRAIN.

THE SCREEN ON THE RIGHT SHOWS HOW WE DETECT A FLESH CRAWLER MASQUERADING AS HUMAN.

WE CALL THIS WEB OF TISSUE A MEDUSA OBLONGATA, AN ALIEN BRAIN GARDEN THAT MANIPULATES THE DNA OF ITS HOST TO CLOAK ITS SHAPE.

FLESH CRAWLERS CAN MAINTAIN THEIR DISGUISE UNTIL THE HOST TISSUE BREAKS DOWN AND THEY HAVE TO TAKE ON A NEW HOST.

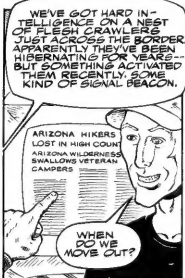
THAT'S WHEN THEY'RE MOST DESPERATE--

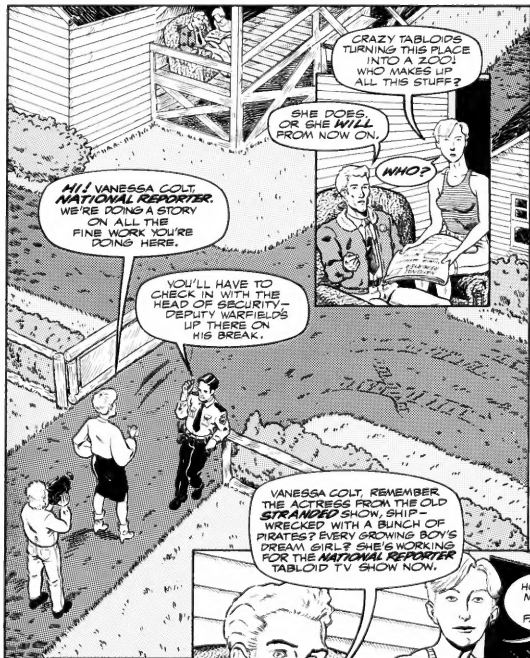
--AND VULNERABLE!

COME ON, WILK. THE DOC WILL BRIEF YOU SOME MORE LATER ON.

KILLING 'EM'S NOT THE HARDEST PART. WE GOT SONIC, PSYCHOTRONIC AND MEGATOXIC WEAPONRY-- WHATEVER YOU CAN DREAM OF!

IT'S FINDING THEM. THEY CAN HIBERNATE, BREED, AND CAMOUFLAGED THEMSELVES IN ALL TERRAIN.





HI! VANESSA COLT,
NATIONAL REPORTER.
WE'RE DOING A STORY
ON ALL THE
FINE WORK YOU'RE
DOING HERE.

SHE DOES,
OR SHE *WILL*
FROM NOW ON.

WHO?

YOU'LL HAVE TO
CHECK IN WITH THE
HEAD OF SECURITY -
DEPUTY WARFIELD'S
UP THERE ON
HIS BREAK.

VANESSA COLT, REMEMBER
THE ACTRESS FROM THE OLD
STRANDED SHOW, SHIP-
WRECKED WITH A BUNCH OF
PIRATES? EVERY GROWING BOY'S
DREAM GIRL? SHE'S WORKING
FOR THE **NATIONAL REPORTER**
TABLOID TV SHOW NOW.

HOW THE
MIGHTY
HAVE
FALLEN.



THE REVEREND
AGREED TO DO SOME
INTERVIEWS IF SHE CAME
UP HERE. I'D BETTER
KEEP AN EYE ON HER.

AND I'LL
KEEP AN EYE
ON YOU!

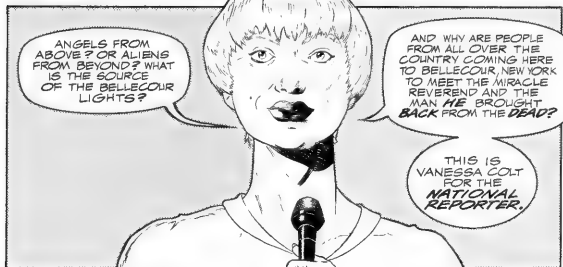
MISS COLT,
AN HONOR TO
HAVE YOU HERE
AT THE
ADIRONDACK
RETREAT.

WHO CAN
YOU TAKE ME
TO FIRST?
THE MIRACLE
WORKER
OR LAZARUS?

THE REVEREND
CASSIDY AND MR.
ROARKE ARE BOTH
WAITING FOR YOU
AT THE
AMPHITHEATRE.

ANGELS ARE DES-
CENDING FROM HEAVEN
TO DELIVER JUDGEMENT.
THE *HOUR* HAS COME
FOR THE CHOSEN ONES
TO BE RAISED UP!

THINK
HANS
KAY





TERRY,
A WORD
WITH YOU?

DON'T LOOK
SO WORRIED, REV.
YOU CAME OFF
PRETTY WELL
ON CAMERA,



THAT'S NOT
WHAT'S BOTHERING
ME, TERRY.
I WANT YOU TO
TAKE A LOOK
AT SOMETHING.



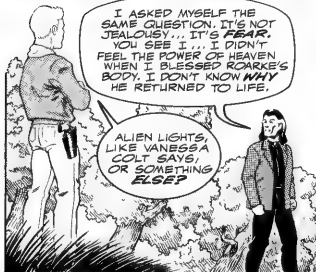
I FOUND THEM
NEAR WHERE **WE**
FOUND ROARKE.

DO YOU HAVE
SOME REASON
TO BE SUSPICIOUS
OF ROARKE?



NO... BUT...
I SENSE A
COLDNESS
ABOUT HIM
WHEN HE TALKS.
LIKE HE'S NOT
REALLY HERE...
HE'S SOME-
WHERE ELSE.

ENROLLMENT'S **DOUBLED**
SINCE THE "MIRACLE" - AND
ROARKE'S POPULARITY IS
STILL GROWING. THINK SOME
OF THIS MIGHT BE JEALOUSY?



I ASKED MYSELF THE
SAME QUESTION. IT'S NOT
JEALOUSY... IT'S **FEAR**.
YOU SEE I... I DIDN'T
FEEL THE POWER OF HEAVEN
WHEN I BLESSED ROARKE'S
BODY. I DON'T KNOW **WHY**
HE RETURNED TO LIFE.

ALIEN LIGHTS,
LIKE VANESSA
COLT SAYS,
OR SOMETHING
ELSE?



I'M NOT SURE...
YOU SEE, I **BELIEVE**
ROARKE CAME BACK FROM
THE DEAD. I ALSO BELIEVE
HE BROUGHT SOMETHING
BACK WITH HIM!

IT'S LATE. WE
SHOULD BE
GETTING BACK.

NO. STAY
A BIT
LONGER.



I'M STARTING
TO WORRY
ABOUT YOU...

SOON YOU'LL
HAVE NO WORRIES
LIKE ME.

IS THAT MICHAEL
TALKING? OR LAZARUS?
EVER SINCE... THE
MIRACLE HAPPENED,
YOU HAVEN'T BEEN
YOURSELF.



YOU
WANTED
ME TO CHANGE!

NOT THIS MUCH!
YOU'RE SO SERIOUS
ABOUT **EVERYTHING**,
AND DISTANT-- LIKE
A STRANGER. I MISS
THE OLD YOU.

THE OLD ME
IS GONE,
LIZ...



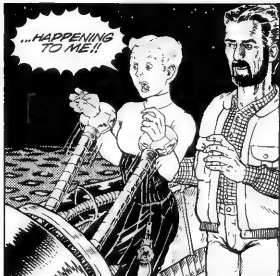
WE USED TO
BE SO CLOSE.
I WISH IT
COULD BE
LIKE THAT
AGAIN.

MAYBE IT CAN--
I'VE PLANNED
SOMETHING SPECIAL
TONIGHT.



THE BOAT'S
FOR US, LIZ.







MICHAELLL!!
HELP
MEEEEEEEE!!



DON'T WORRY,
DARLING,
EVERYTHING'S
FINE.



JUST FINE.

GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

POLICE AGENCIES REPORT
A DISTURBING LINK AMONG
A NATIONWIDE RASH OF
SERIAL KILLINGS WHERE
VICTIMS' CLOTHES WERE
FOUND WITH NO TRACES
OF A BODY... EXCEPT
SMALL BONE FRAGMENTS.



MOM, WHAT'S
THAT SMELL?
OH!!

SHHH!
QUIET,
TOMMY!

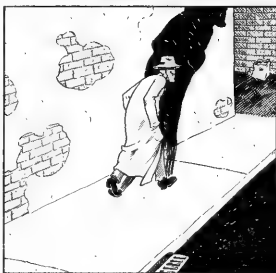
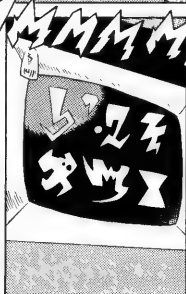
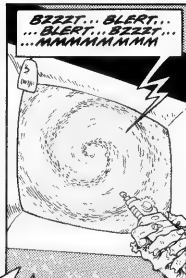


DO YOU NEED
SOME MONEY,
SIR? ARE YOU
HUNGRY, OR... UM...



UM... FORGET
IT, OKAY?
LET'S GO,
TOMMY!

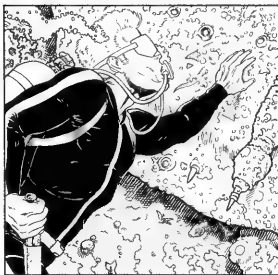
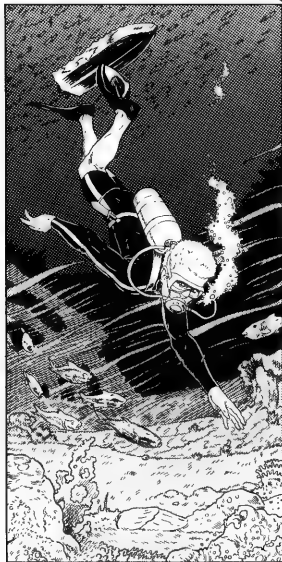
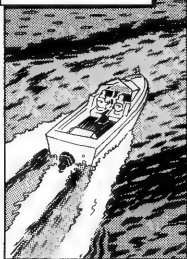


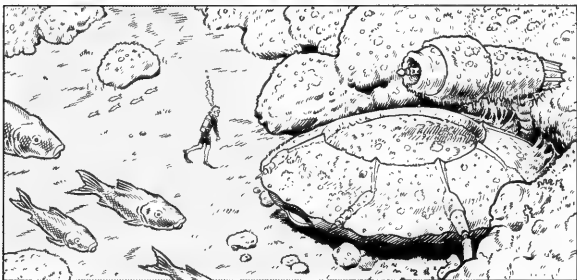
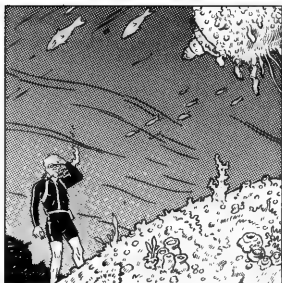
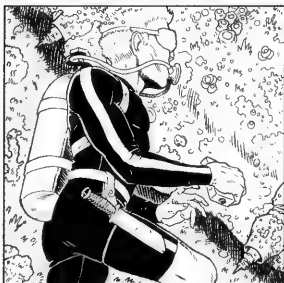


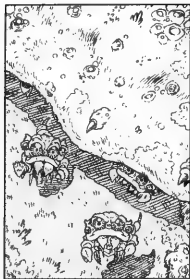


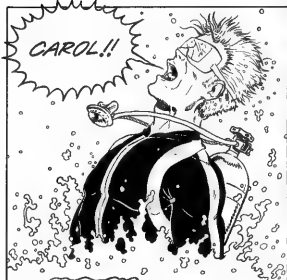


"...OF THE DAY."







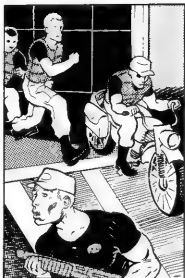






PUT ON SOME ARMOR, WILK. YOU'LL MEET 'EM UP CLOSE SOON AS WE SEAL OFF THE AREA.

SURE.



WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR IS SOME KIND OF *NEST*. THE CRAWLERS WILL BE IN A SORT OF *STASIS FORM*. THEY MAY NOT LOOK LIKE WHAT WE'VE PREVIOUSLY ENCOUNTERED.

WILK, YOU'RE ON VALENS' TEAM. THE REST OF YOU ARE WITH ME. FAN OUT.



WE'VE GOT THREE
TARGETS UP AHEAD.
LOOKS LIKE
THE LOST HIKERS.

LOOKS AIN'T
EVERYTHING.
I SAY THEY'RE
CRAWLERS.
SPEAR THE FIRST
ONE THAT
COMES OUT.

STEP FORWARD AND
IDENTIFY YOURSELVES.
ONE AT A TIME.

THANK GOD YOU'RE
HERE! WE LOST ALL
OF OUR SUPPLIES.
MY GIRL IS INJURED.
SHE ...







WHY ELECTROCUTE
THE BODIES?

IF WE DON'T,
THEY DON'T
STAY DEAD!!



THAT CRAWL SHIT
COMES OUT AND
BUILDS THEM
A NEW BODY...
A **FLESH CRAWLER**
BODY!!



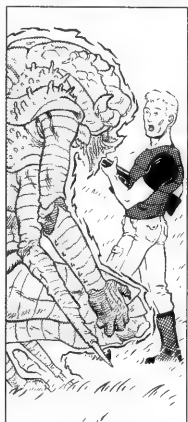
STAY BACK A SEC.
THERE'S SOMETHING
JUST AHEAD.



**HOLY
JESUS!!**



OKAY TROOPS, FAN
OUT OVER THE ENTIRE AREA.
I WANT THIS ENTIRE HILLSIDE
SEARCHED AND SECURED.
AND WATCH YOUR BACKS!





MITCHELL, FUENTES,
GO CHECK OUT
THAT BLAST.
KENNY, ADAMS...



BEHIND
YOU!!

MAJOR-
LOOK OUT!!





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